

THE NATION

JULY 5, 1958 . . 25c

CHURCHILL: the LAST HUSSAR

by Georg Mann

NLRB'S WAR ON LABOR

by Harvey Swados

THE CHEMISTRY OF SCHIZOPHRENIA

by Dan Wakefield

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EAST TENNESSEE STATE COLLEGE
JOHNSON CITY, TENNESSEE

LETTERS

Peacemakers, Inc.

Dear Sirs: Recent issues of *The Nation* have confirmed my sense of the need for an organization which I think should be called the Committee for Competitive Coexistence. The word *competitive* would make clear that the organization is not Communist-inspired and would permit membership of all peacemakers—from ardent capitalists to democratic Socialists. The word *coexistence* would show that this organization does not shrink from recognizing that the preservation of mankind requires a real-life accommodation between East and West.

Among *Nation* contributors whom I would expect to favor such an organization are D. F. Fleming, C. Wright Mills, Frederick Schuman, Edgar Snow and William A. Williams. Among national leaders I would expect Cyrus Eaton, Linus Pauling, James P. Warburg and possibly General Omar Bradley, Mrs. Roosevelt, George F. Kennan, as well as even some Senators such as Kefauver and Humphrey. I would expect aid from members of such bodies as the Friends and Unitarian Service Committees, the Fellowship of Reconciliation, the Committee for Peaceful Alternatives, the Women's International League for Peace and Freedom, the National Committee for a Sane Nuclear Policy, and the United World Federalists, whose efforts the new organization would supplement rather than supplant.

JAMES M. PICKERING

New York City

Academic Corruption

Dear Sirs: With reference to your recent articles on various aspects of the subject, I wish to get a few remarks off my chest concerning our present academic community. My remarks are based on my experience as a student at Temple University in Philadelphia, as a student at Princeton University, and as a faculty member at the University of Southern California.

The commercialism and conformity in idea and action of the men who fill our faculties and the administrative posts in our colleges and universities would nauseate the naive: the bowing and scraping toward department heads, deans and vice presidents; the clever "I don't have all the data" on any issue of importance; the uniformity of dress, speech, attitudes and behavior; the almost complete suppression of honesty and frankness as the basis for

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relations among men. All of these are as much a part of academic life as are their cognates in the business world. Is it any wonder that we produce the students which we do? In our classes, we speak of creativeness, of self-reliance, of individuality. In our life, we chase rats through mazes or run down petty gossip or second-rate, seventeenth-century literary figures; we rely on manipulation and deception of our fellows; we conform in all important ideas and attitudes. Of course, our students see through it all. They give the same lip service to ideals as we do; but in life they do as we do, not as we say.

Our academic world is sick with the same corruption that has seized the rest of American society. That corruption has been labeled the marketing orientation of the personality by Fromm, and the organization man by Whyte. Our academic world has succumbed to it. What are the students to resist?

WILLIAM S. SNYDER

University of Southern California
Los Angeles, Calif.

Who Said That?

Dear Sirs: Re David Cort's "The Circular Sell" in your June 14 issue, it is relevant to note that in *Madison Avenue, U.S.A.*, Martin Mayer quotes John Wanamaker as having said: "I know half the money I spend on advertising is wasted, but I can never find out which half." But in a London speech last April, Lord Heyworth, chairman of Unilever Limited, said, "The first Lord Leverhulme used to say that half his advertising was wasted, but he never knew which half."

Does anyone know who really said it? Doesn't it sound too philosophical for either?

VICTOR CUTTS

Savannah, Georgia

Mr. Cage's Concert

Dear Sirs: Thanks to you and Lester Trimble for his perceptive review of the John Cage concert (*The Nation*, May 31). The concert was an important event not only for the music world, but

for the *avant-garde* of all the arts, and most publications either ignored it or else passed it off in cavalier fashion. Mr. Trimble made some highly valid statements, not only on John Cage's work, but on the problems confronting all creative artists. He is beginning to sound like Kenneth Tynan or Eric Newton, which is about the highest praise I can think of for any critic!

May I also thank you for the gem of a poem by Paul Blackburn in the June 14, 1958, issue. But then, your poetry choices are always exceptionally fine.

RHODA WINTER ELLIS

New York City

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EDITORIALS

Initiative for Peace

The Administration will make a grave misjudgment if it acquiesces in the negative Soviet attitude implicit in the threat to scuttle the Geneva conference, the double talk of Khrushchev's letter to the President of June 11, the execution of Imre Nagy, and the sharp break with Tito. From Nehru in India to Arthur Horner, Communist president of the National Union of Mineworkers in Great Britain, world opinion — Left, Right and Center — has denounced the execution of Nagy and all that it implies. Soviet propaganda has come a cropper and the temptation will be great to exploit, for propaganda advantage, the opportunity that now exists. But the situation inside the Soviet bloc which prompted these recent acts is much too serious to be dealt with opportunistically; it calls for statesmanship of the highest order. To exploit it for propaganda purposes would be to score a cheap triumph unworthy of American aims. It would also be to misread events. Khrushchev understood how world opinion would react to the execution of Nagy, yet he felt compelled to acquiesce in, if he did not order, this recrudescence of Stalinism.

The political implications of Nagy's execution, not the fact that a debacle has overtaken Soviet propaganda, should be Washington's main concern. These implications strike at the central assumption of the deterrence doctrine. As Senator Fulbright notes in his brilliant speech of June 20, the doctrine is based on an irrational and irresponsible degree of confidence in the rationality and responsibility of the men who, at any particular time, occupy the seats of power in the Kremlin. These men come and go. Some are more reasonable than others. And, like politicians elsewhere, they can reach irrational decisions under stress of greater political pressures. Nor are they alone in this. The Chinese, it is clear, resent the thought of a summit conference from which they would be excluded; they also resent the fact that Yugoslavia has been able to get aid from both the United States and the USSR until, seizing on Tito's heresies and exploiting internal political tensions in the Soviet regime, they forced a break in Soviet-Yugoslav relations. It may be irrational, but it is also clear that they are afraid a relaxation of tensions might make it easier for

the Soviets to renege on commitments to aid their vital development programs—they are trying to do in ten years what the Soviets did in forty—as the Soviets have now reneged on their commitments to Tito. Precisely because the execution of Nagy is a warning that the leaders of the Communist bloc can act irrationally, now is the time to lessen, if possible, the pressures on those within the Soviet regime who, unlike the diehard Stalinists, favor some relaxation of tension.

Without delay, therefore, the Administration should launch a strong initiative for peace of a character that implies that it is not offered as a propaganda gambit to be automatically rejected by the Soviets, but in the earnest hope of acceptance. Let Mr. Dulles indicate a willingness to negotiate for a reduction, say, in overseas military bases and stockpiles of nuclear weapons. Let the proposal be substantial, significant. Merely to illustrate: We now have 275 major base complexes overseas—more than 1,400, if one counts all sites where Americans are now stationed—located in thirty-one countries. Is it, asks Senator Fulbright, utterly unreasonable that, in any negotiations, some of the bases might be traded for control of armaments? He points out:

All the world knows our foreign bases pose a threat for the Soviet Union. All the world knows that Soviet missiles pose a threat for the United States. All the world knows we live on the brink of disaster. . . . [Yet] we put in more bases, and they make more submarines and missiles, and then we put in more bases. . . . The alternative to decreased tension is increased tension. The alternative to lessening tension between the Communist bloc and the free world is the maintenance of the arms race, the continuation of nuclear testing, and the gradual exhaustion of such reservoirs of confidence in the United States leadership as still exist throughout the world. The alternative to *modus vivendi* is *modus moriendi*.

This is the challenge which the new Soviet line poses to American leadership.

Victory for Faubus?

For all that Judge Lemley's decision suspending integration in Central High School in Little Rock is shot through and through with absurdities, inconsistencies and non-sequiturs, it is by no means the "victory" for Governor Faubus and the segregationists that it has

been made to appear. If it removes, as it may, the issue of segregation from the Arkansas gubernatorial primary on July 29, it could prove extremely helpful to the Governor's chief opponents, Judge Lee Ward and Chris E. Finkbeiner. If Faubus is to be defeated or forced into a run-off, attention must be focused on the miserable record which he is trying desperately to conceal by posing as the savior of white supremacy.

More important, the very illogic of the decision points to the source of the trouble and suggests the remedy. Judge Lemley makes it quite clear that he was not influenced by evidence of lawlessness or "malevolent desires"; there was no attempt "to bomb the school or to burn it down." By clear inference, then, the source of the trouble lay in the inability of the school authorities to cope with an internal disciplinary problem which was aggravated by the federal Administration's failure to back up its original intervention. For example, the FBI has never released, nor has the Administration acted upon, the FBI report on the circumstances surrounding the disturbances last fall. No effort has been made to prosecute those who sought to obstruct the court's original desegregation decree; indeed, assurances were given by the Attorney General that no action was contemplated. Once federal troops were withdrawn, the National Guardsmen who replaced them refused to arrest trouble-makers and thereby encouraged a small hoodlum element in the student body to create disturbances. Naturally the school authorities were annoyed by the failure of the Administration to back up its decision to intervene.

Even so, the situation inside the school could hardly have been "intolerable": The Negro students, with one exception, completed the term and one of them graduated. In brief, the experiment *succeeded* despite the incompetence of the school authorities and the failure of both the state and federal governments to act in support of the court's original order. Judge Lemley's decision should be reversed, as it will be, on the basis of his own findings.

Wherefore Art Thou Ramfis?

To add to his other worries, Mr. Dulles must now concentrate, and promptly, on the parlous state of our relations with one of our erstwhile staunchest allies, Generalissimo Rafael L. Trujillo of the so-called Dominican Republic. For "Papa" is furious. First of all, his son, Lt. Gen. Rafael Trujillo, Jr., known to his intimates as "Ramfis," achieved fame at the U.S. Army Command and General Staff School by *not* studying. In this instance, the General Staff School proctors had shown a high degree of "permissiveness"; instead of booting Ramfis out of school, they allowed him, in the line of temporary duty, to idle away many hours in Hollywood. Only when it came to awarding Ramfis the

coveted sheepskin did the killjoys of the school vent their spleen on the faun whom the military assistance program had plumped into their midst. They awarded him a certificate of attendance, which under the circumstances seemed more than fair. But as far as Papa is concerned, the Good Neighbor policy is in the ash can. While Ramfis departed in a private railroad car for Santa Monica to board his 350-foot yacht, the man-of-war *Angelita*, Papa ordered home thirty other Dominicans taking courses at U.S. military institutions (and some of whom, for all Papa knew, might have been studying). He also rejected a current \$600,000 donation which Washington was pressing on him, although his Caribbean blood was not quite hot enough to impel him to refund earlier and more generous subsidies. What next? The Panama Canal is only 900 miles from the Dominican Republic. Can it be defended without the vital aid of the *Angelita*? The dilemma now facing Mr. Dulles is whether to defend the Canal, perhaps shooting down Zsa Zsa Gabor, or to surrender and rehabilitate the Good Neighbor policy. We commend the latter course, and by no half measures.

Alan Wood to the Rescue

Wage rates in the steel industry rose by some 20-25 cents an hour on July 1. Normally, U.S. Steel would respond to such an occasion by declaring a price rise was imperative to meet the wage boost and to keep a great industry, necessary for defense, in a flourishing condition. But this year we are in a recession, and Estes Kefauver has been getting up daily in the Senate to assert that a price rise is unjustifiable (see "The Manipulated Price Rise," by Estes Kefauver, June 28 issue). Moreover, U. S. Steel last year showed a record profit of \$419 million.

However, one of the smaller producers has taken the lead and invited the industry to throw down its cross and manfully resume the way of profit. The Alan Wood Steel Company, which ranks twenty-third in the industry with annual production of 800,000 tons, has announced an increase averaging \$6 a ton, effective July 7. But Mr. Wood can hardly make its hike stick unless the big boys follow suit. Whether U. S. Steel, in the midst of a recession and with the industry operating during the first quarter at 54 per cent of capacity, will elect to follow Alan Wood's lead, is something that will go a long way toward demonstrating how much economic statesmanship resides in the councils of big business. Chances are that U.S. Steel will not have acted by July 1, but an increase at the first opportunity thereafter would not be surprising. In that case, U.S. Steel which with its volume can make a very good thing out of something which a small company may actually need, should at the very least present Alan Wood a balloon in gratitude for services rendered.

CHURCHILL: the Last Hussar . . by Georg Mann

FOLD THE DOLMAN, brush the busby, saddle-soap the sabre-tache. Winston Churchill, the last hussar, is taking his place amid the monuments and mothballs of history. But before the black-draped charger, the empty boots reversed in the stirrups, leads the muffled, inexorable drums in the slow parade toward Churchill's final bivouac, his ticket to the Pantheon deserves a final inspection.

The audience, including Churchill, has been unanimous: no contemporary has been granted a clearer title to immortality. For more than sixty years, a substantial part of modern history has been glimpsed in the reflections from his cherubic brow. His mere presence lent excitement to border skirmishes and dignity to the great crises of our age. He played a major role in a minor World War and became the rhetorical third of a triumvirate or troika—the precise term depends on whether you prefer classical or Communist history — that managed an implausible coalition to an evanescent victory in the most complex war yet achieved by human ingenuity.

Even when he was on a decade-long leave of absence, the primrose in his lapel dominated a hundred hustings, blooming in victory, bitter in defeat. His portentous speeches, his back-bench maneuvers, are an essential part of the history of an oligarchical parliament that has vanished like the revenues of the East India Company. Scholars have praised his histories, critics applauded his style and journalists envied his honoraria. And even the accomplishments of his idleness won honor as buyers bid up his paintings and trade unions certified his bricklaying talents.

His admirers insist that he symbolizes what is best in the civilization of the first half of the twentieth century. One commentator rushes to declare, "Of the idea of a liberal and

creative man, striving to function in a liberal society, Churchill continues to be the exemplary embodiment." He passed effortlessly from the age of Dr. Jameson and Richard Harding Davis to that of Enrico Fermi and Frank Whittle, without losing those attributes of Macaulay, Edmund Burke, the younger Pitt, Carnot, Gibbon, the Scholar Gypsy, and Mulvaney, Learoyd and Ortheris that rubbed off on him along the way.

YET, AFTER LISTENING to the paeans, this delegate can only call the question and vote "no." In the first place, during a long and vocal life, no public figure in modern times ever supported such a tarnished assortment of trumpery crusades, ever voiced with such confidence such nonsensical opinions on the major issues that confront man. In the second place, like an unwitting Alcibiades, he devoted his great talents and enormous energies to the destruction of his fatherland. The preservation of the British Empire has been the single great cause of Sir Winston's life, and no man did more to make certain that the British Empire could not continue to exist.

While intellectually, Churchill possesses some of the clean lines of classic statuary, his character has no peer in complexity, compounded of bravery and meanness, a selfless devotion to duty as he saw it coupled with monumental vanity, of a critical, humorous detachment linked to a purely emotional obsession with some of the dustier items that have tumbled to the bottom of the ragbag of tradition. Amid the contradictions, courage is the essential clue, the kind of courage which insists that participation in physical violence — either directly or through surrogates — is the supreme end of man. He himself has written, "Courage is rightly esteemed as the first of human qualities, because, as has been said, it is the quality which guarantees all others." His own actions bear out his commitment to courage, while demonstrating the falseness of

the second half of his proposition. From the bravura of participating in the last great cavalry charge of modern times, through hazardous escapes, the semi-ludicrous Battle of Sidney Street (where his naked hatred of comic-opera anarchists displays the uglier side of his prejudices), trench warfare in World War I, risky flights in primitive airplanes, courage under bombing in World War II, and ending in the unfulfilled desire to participate personally in the invasion of France, Churchill's own courage has ranged from the wistful to the foolhardy.

On the balance, however, he displays more of the courage of the Berserker than the Bayard. His courage leads inevitably to almost total reliance upon war as both the end of man and the destiny of nations. A genuine connoisseur, he smells a war half a decade away, and itches to exert his mastery of his chosen profession. He is genuinely startled in World War I when he asks a soldier in the trenches, "Don't you like war?" and receives a candid "No, Mr. Churchill," in reply. In retrospect, he can write of the start of World War II, which began a sunset for the empire in the four points of the compass: "As I sat in my place, listening to the speeches, a very strong sense of calm came over me. . . . I felt a serenity of mind and was conscious of a kind of uplifted detachment from personal and human affairs. The glory of Old England, peace-loving and unprepared as she was, but instant and fearless at the call of honour, thrilled my being and seemed to lift our fate to a sphere far removed from earthly fact and physical sensation." This is no pose. At Britain's darkest moments he could say—and mean—"This was a time when it was equally good to live or die," and raise the slogan against Hitler's impending invasion, "You can always take one with you."

To intervene in the controversies that concern scholars about Churchill's military judgments would be pointless. His fixation with the Medi-

GEORG MANN has contributed articles to several of the country's leading literary and political monthlies.

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terranean in two World Wars can be left to history and Samuel Eliot Morrison. One thing must be said in his praise. However great his cultural lag in the world of ideas, he always managed to stay ahead of the procession in utilizing the technology of war.

One military lesson, however, he never learned, a lesson available since the days of Pyrrhus. To paraphrase Bosquet's comment on the charge of the Light Brigade, Churchill's courage in rushing into war — any war — may be magnificent, but it is not statesmanship. For all his profound understanding of the theory of war and grasp of its developing tools, he still lived amid the scarlet uniforms and brilliant maneuvers of the eighteenth — possibly even of the nineteenth — century, when wars were limited and individual glory ilimitable. He was never aware that modern war is a luxury far beyond the budgets of the proudest empires. The Britain that sat victorious at Versailles had already bled to death at Paschendaele. The conferee at Teheran had already lost all the chips that would be wagered to preserve the empire that was his main object.

COMPARED TO HIS physical courage, Churchill's political courage is essentially a period item, even granting that achieving a career is essential for a man whose ambitions have tended to be as stately as his prose. The drama of crossing the House, so important in Churchill's eyes, is as pallid as cucumber sandwiches compared with the crossing of the Atlantic by the Fenians and the Forty-eighters. When Churchill takes a stand, it seems less in defense of laudable principle than in hearkening to paternal fidelity, or obeying the precepts of the century in which it was his misfortune not to live forever.

The great crises on which he risked his career began with the fustian rhetoric of his homage to his father when he said, speaking on the Army Bill of 1901, that he is defending "the tattered flag of retrenchment and economy, the tattered flag I found lying on a stricken field." He subsequently broke with the Tories

over protection, then with Lloyd George over the Prime Minister's opposition to Churchill's insistence on armed intervention against the Soviets—which issue has provided the Soviet propagandists with the most durable bloody shirt in their entire armamentarium. He broke with Baldwin over India, refusing to recognize the incoming tide, and tying his flag firmly to the handle of King Canute's broom. And finally—and this is where the ripple of applause always begins—he broke with the Tories on the question of Hitler.

ON THIS issue, perhaps never has so little statesmanship been praised so much by so many. Praising a statesman for being opposed to Hitler is like praising a surgeon for diagnosing the most obvious form of cancer. And yet, on this issue, the one great issue in Churchill's career on which one can put a finger and say yes, he was right, his basic luck still held. His instinctive diagnosis led to the prescription of a treatment almost as fatal as it was heroic. This is one of the few phlebotomies in history in which the doctor bled as much as the patient.

Basically, Churchill viewed Hitler as a military menace to the British Empire, almost ignoring his essential, monstrous political role. Rereading his attacks on Hitler and Mussolini, one hears the echo of Macy's talking about Gimbels, of the merchandiser of one form of nationalism talking about a competitor, with an establishment across the street, who has a membership in the same trade association. For Churchill, Hitler was "the child of the rage and grief of a mighty empire which had suffered overwhelming defeat in war" who, "by an honorable inversion [from communism] cherished all the more an abnormal sense of racial loyalty and a fervent and mystic admiration of the German government and German people." He is equally benign toward Mussolini, and positively charitable as he says of Ciano, "When Ciano faced the firing squad, he paid his debt to the full." Contrasted with the bitter fury and vindictiveness of his comments on Philip Snowden, one can only conclude he hated the British Labour

Party far more than he did the European dictators.

Even peripheral to the great issue of his life, Churchill manifested a massive inconsequentiality. Surely, if Hitler was the enemy, all anti-Fascist elements should have been supported, the more vigorously the better. Yet Churchill backed Dollfuss in that bargain-basement dictator's *coup d'état* against the Austrian Social Democrats. For Churchill, the Spanish Civil War was merely a conflict between an army determined to maintain order and a Communist sect determined to destroy it. And all Spanish Republicans, by definition, were Communists to him. As late as 1937, he could misinterpret the crucial history of modern Spain by approving a sentence for publication which read: "The deepest bitter memory of a Spaniard is the Napoleonic invasion and the memory of the Peninsular War."

These international judgments stem logically from his basic political convictions, in which his feeling for oligarchical techniques is far firmer than his admiration for democratic principles. On the one hand, he can present an analysis of how Balfour diddle Curzon out of the Prime Ministership which is as precise as his narrative of Blenheim or the North African campaign. On the other, he writes of Shaw's *Appelcart* and dwells on the "weaknesses, the meannesses, the vanities and follies of the trumpery figures who float upward and are born forward on the swirls and eddies of so-called Democratic politics." Even more plainly, he refers to the growth of the British Labour Party as "a marked discrediting of universal suffrage."

Thus, Churchill has seen himself as a high priest of politics, performing an ancient ritual of sacrifice and regeneration before a paying audience forewarned that its participation is limited. The electorate is given to understand that it must vote right, or else face the rough side of his tongue—as it did when the rhetoric-tired British voters turned him out of office at the end of World War II.

The record indicates that very few statesmen have cherished more

black sheep. He fought with "Butcher" Weyler in Cuba, opposed the Boers at the only moment in history when this emphatically unlovely people found themselves on the side of justice. And he is consistently fascinated with the virtues of twentieth-century royalty, as undistinguished a bunch of violets as ever withered on a florist's shelf. Here, mingling the deferential air of the *Almanac de Gotha* with the higher emotions of Don Quixote's memories of Amadis of Gaul, Churchill looks at all monarchs and finds little but good. He writes of Franz Josef, "... This venerable, conscientious functionary"; of Alfonso of Spain, his particular hero, "... Accomplished great things ... eager and courageous leadership ... dauntless courage, worldly wisdom" whose enthusiasm for polo did great things for the Spanish cavalry; of Nicholas II, "... True, simple man of average ability, of merciful disposition, upheld in all his daily life by his belief in God ... Belittle his efforts, asperse his conduct, insult his memory, but pause then to tell us who else was found capable." And during the world-shaking crisis arising from the attachment of Edward VIII for the present Duchess of Windsor, this statesman of the classical mold exhibited all the calm of an Australian bushman defending his tribal totem against sacrilege.

Romanticism, clinging to established symbols, runs in continuous riot. Here is a statesman whose orders have sent thousands to their deaths in war, who has raised eyebrows by summarily executing Kafir criminals in Natal, who remains unworried by harsh questions concerning Milner's flogging of South African coolies. When he gravely confesses "the most hateful decision, the most unnatural and painful with which I have ever been concerned," guessing could never supply the answer. The occasion for this *mea culpa* was the bombardment of the French Fleet at Oran. Darlan, was, after all, in the same trade association.

Such opinions necessarily end in low comedy, and nowhere more flagrantly than in Churchill's procession of opinions about the Soviet

Union. He begins, in his interventionist days, with shrieks against "the foul baboonery of Bolshevism," goes out of his way to praise the anti-Soviet terrorist Savinkov — whom he delights in comparing with Trotsky, much to the latter's disfavor—and, in commenting on Denikin, says, "A man is called a reactionary in Russia if he objects to having his property stolen, his wife and children murdered."

In a second stage, during the thirties, with the competition well established, he grows more benign, even accepting the nonsense of the Moscow trials at its face value. Then, with Russia an ally, Churchill can say, "I know of no Government which stands to its own obligation, even in its own despite, more solidly than the Soviet Union." Outreaching even his own past rhetorical peaks, he goes on to say of the Russian troops during the Nazi invasion, "I see them guarding their homes where wives and mothers pray—ah yes, there are times when all pray—for the safety of their loved ones."

Of Stalin he can write—we must remember that Churchill is defending his own property rights when he defends the cult of personality—"a man of inexhaustible courage and will power ... deep, cool wisdom

and complete absence of illusions of any kind. ... Above all, he is a man with a saving sense of humor, which is of high importance to all men and all nations, but particularly to great men and great nations." (Of Churchill's own sense of humor, its flavor can be found in his comment on the suffragettes' demanding the vote: "A man might as well chain himself to the railings of St. Thomas Hospital and say he wouldn't move until he had a baby.")

THIS ATTITUDE toward the suffragettes is part of the dark stream of obtuseness to the modern world which runs throughout the collection of ideas Sir Winston has taken from other people's ammunition wagons to fire off on his own. More fatal, more devastating in the long run, has been his attitude toward the lesser breeds without the law, the aspirations of colonial peoples. Toward the Irish question, which dominated the politics of his youth, his attitude has oscillated between vague personal warmth and the most determined kind of misunderstanding. At the start, he vaguely fumbles with the importance of Parnell's career in his biography of his father. It passes through an ambivalence involving support of the Black and Tans on one hand, a desire to make



a peace on the other. It reaches a peak in his debate on the Irish Free State Bill in 1922. With the dead still littering the Irish lanes, the manor houses of the Ascendancy smoldering skyward, he rumbles, "A Republic is an idea most foreign to the Irish mind, associated with the butcheries of Cromwell in their minds, and foreign to all the native genius of the Irish race which is essentially monarchical." In the late 1930s, he nags plaintively about the loss of the naval base at Lough Swilly—perhaps it ought to be remarked that this Paladin is the most paranoid of all poor losers—and at the start of World War II, his attitude culminates in what is probably the funniest telegram ever sent by one major statesman to another, when he wired De Valera: "Now is your chance. Now or never. A Nation once again."

He is even harsher with subjects of color. In 1931, Churchill can say, anticipating the event by less than two decades, "Except as an ultimate, visionary goal, dominion status like that of Canada or Australia is not going to happen in India in any period which we can even remotely foresee." Perhaps even more exasperating is his statement about Ghandi, particularly when taken in context with his adulation of the crowned heads of Europe: "It is alarming and also nauseating to see Mr. Ghandi, a seditious Middle Temple lawyer, now posing as a fakir, striding half-naked up the steps of the Vice-Regal palace to parley on equal terms with the representative of the King-Emperor."

WHEN ITS most passionate modern defender talks like this, the long career of the British Empire must approach the miraculous. Of the passion, there is never any doubt. The young Parliamentarian arises to say in 1901, "It is known, alike by peoples and rulers, that upon the whole—and it is upon the whole that we must judge these things—British influence is a kindly and healthy influence and makes for the general happiness and welfare of mankind." As World War II lowered upon the horizon, Churchill could seriously propose that "The Con-

servative Opposition should confront the Labour Government in all great imperial and national issues, and should identify itself with the majesty of Britain under Lord Beaconsfield and Lord Salisbury." Such a position, in that time and place, was as obsolete as the peerage of the painted Picts. And when, approaching the end of his career, mired like an aging bull, he bellows that he did not become the King's First Minister to preside at the liquidation of the British Empire, he merely emphasizes that part of his own past which made the liquidation of that empire inevitable. This man, who, with spectacular intelligence, skill and energy had fought twentieth-century wars for eighteenth-century ends, goes out in a blaze like a Turner sunset, his cause expiring with him.

THE SPECTACLE still endures, masked with a hussar's dash and courage, with a rhetoric that was supremely sure of itself, in an era when most political leaders write and talk like shoe clerks. Sports-writers would say Churchill had "color," that fundamentally indefinable quality that marked Babe Ruth and Dempsey, that by-passed Tunney and Ted Williams.

The style, of course, provided the respectability. It runs the gamut from the painfully self-conscious snatching at familiar symbols, through an automatic pedestrianism to the heights of moving preciseness. Rereading the speeches and the histories, glimpsing him on scraps of old sound newsreels, one has the sensation of coming face to face with a dinosaur. He lumbers into our midst like a beast emerging from jungles long since turned to coal, his jaws working on fragments of food we know only as fossils, exuding an aroma of archaeology and decay. At his best, his words have an atavistic impact that thrills the autonomic nervous system, raising the hair on our necks like the sudden blare of bugles heard two streets away. At his worst, his sentences, like his ideas, are a mere delayed rumble in the bowels of the nineteenth century.

And here the ideas turn out to be merely reworked symbols of a broad conventional origin. Kings are a con-

venient stereotype for clutching, empires carry a mythical emotional cargo of their own. The symbols that ornament his tunic and his dolman, even the invisible Death's Head on his busby, stem straight from those of the Victorian nursery and the meager books available on the troopship for India. As a child, we are told, he spent long lonely hours perusing the cartoons in *Punch*. The stock abstractions of Tenniel made an indelible impact—tridentated Britannia, the growling British lion, a buxom, blond, Teutonic Brunhild, the looming Russian bear, a Phrygian-capped France alternately anguished and sinister. The lines are clear, the draftsmanship precise, the colors a sharp black and white, with no half-tones. The somewhat lonely child loved the cartoons, later in life labeled them "a very good way of learning history." The same simple, dramatic, easily grasped symbols he conned in the nursery form both the style and the ideas. In Churchill's world, there are no generalized truths, only Imperial British virtue, shining clear and white; and cheap, self-seeking opinion and black downright error in the rest of the world. To Churchill, the supreme heresy can only be found in the Jansenist exhortation, "To whatever order or nation you belong, believe only what is true, and what you would be disposed to believe if you belonged to another nation, another order, another profession."

IN CHURCHILL, the ideas of the parish are inflated until they almost encompass the world. In him, the courage and the vanity (both of the very first rank), the intelligence and the obtuseness, the generosity and the vindictiveness, and the boundless energy have combined to provide a lens which brought to a focus all the forces which made the destruction of the British Empire inevitable. In our leisure, so foreign to his own nature, we can see how it happened. Reaching back through the decades, we can only remember what Lord Morley said of his father, Lord Randolph Churchill—"If you educated him, you would ruin him."

This was demonstrably not true of the son.

CHEMISTRY of SCHIZOPHRENIA . . by Dan Wakefield

Boston
DR. MARK ALTSCHULE, a man who has been exploring the chemistry of mental illness for the past fifteen years, may only be a year away from the final development of a serum which could mean new hope for the victims of the world's most widespread serious mental illness—schizophrenia.

An estimated 2.5-3 persons of every 1,000 in the general population suffer from schizophrenia, and more than half the patients in public hospitals for mental illness are schizophrenics. In a report on the Second International Congress for Psychiatry held last September in Zurich, *Newsweek* magazine said that the 2,000 psychiatrists in attendance admitted schizophrenia to be "the most urgent and at the same time most baffling question confronting them now..." The greatest hope for answers seemed to come from a number of papers from different countries describing newly found relationships between the psychoses and body chemistry. One expert told the congress that the most promising area of attack on schizophrenia now "seems to be neither surgical nor Freudian, but chemical."

Interest in the possibilities of chemical answers to the whole range of mental illness has grown tremendously in the past few years—most sensationally, in the highly-publicized and avidly-consumed tranquilizing drugs—and an increasing number of medical and scientific experts have expressed hope for solutions to mental and emotional disorders through chemical research. Nobel Prize-winner Linus Pauling has turned his genius from atomic physics to the chemistry of mental illness ("Molecules and Mental Illness," *The Nation*, April 20, 1957) and has expressed the view at a meeting of the American Psychiatric Association that "I am sure that most mental disease is chemical in origin, and that the chemical abnormalities involved are usually the re-

sult of abnormalities in the genetic constitution of the individual."

This was greeted by many of the psychiatrists present with the shock and horror of any concept new to the climate of the times. Historically, of course, it is quite an old idea, dating back to the Babylonians, who believed that the liver had important effects on mental as well as physical health. In this country, however, the idea of a connection between body chemistry and mental illness did not have much more than isolated and sporadic interest until the late 1940s, when experiments were begun with "psychotomimetic" drugs, which were found to produce psychotic symptoms when given to "normal" people. Since then, other researchers have found that a substance (taraxein) in the blood of schizophrenics produces schizophrenic behavior when injected into "normal" persons, and many other links between biochemistry and mental illness have been discovered.

DR. ALTSCHULE is Assistant Clinical Professor of Medicine at Harvard Medical School and Director of Internal Medicine and Research in Clinical Psychology at Boston's McLean Hospital. In an interview, he told this reporter that he was "interested in showing that by modifying the biochemistry of a patient, you can modify the patient."

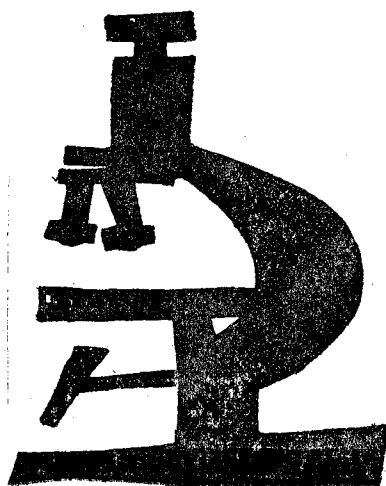
When, in 1943, Dr. Altschule first became attracted to the medical problem of mental disease, he "read

everything" in the field, from Freud to biology to anthropology. After this study, Dr. Altschule reached what was then an almost completely heretical conclusion in the American medical world—that the Freudian approach was an "intuitive" one and should be replaced by "scientific" methods which could be tested in the laboratory. He summed up many of his ideas, after his first ten years of research, in a book called *Bodily Physiology in Mental and Emotional Disorders*. Later, in a Freud-debunking volume titled *The Roots of Modern Psychiatry*, he put his challenge in these terms:

At present... clinicians have only two choices with respect to Freudism: they may accept a theory of mental and emotional disorder that is based almost entirely on ancient speculations, or they may wait for modern physiology and experimental psychology to provide the data for a valid theory of behavior. If such data were available now, there would of course be no need to choose—no intuitive system, Freudian or otherwise, would receive any consideration.

Not all the scientists and doctors working toward a chemical answer to mental illness share such a violent view of the Freudian theories. Many feel that even though mental illness is accompanied by chemical disorders, the debate is still open as to which comes first and causes the other. Some are willing to agree with Jung that emotional disorders cause "metabolic alterations," while others believe that the "metabolic alterations" cause the emotional disorders. The debate has recently resulted in a minor-scale "popular front" on the issue, formed by representatives of science, medicine, psychiatry, sociology and anthropology, who advocate what has been described as a "multi-discipline approach" to the problems of human behavior. When asked his own views on this concept, Dr. Altschule told this reporter: "I don't believe in the multi-discipline approach. You can't get a team to write Beethoven's Ninth Symphony."

Dr. Altschule does believe, however, in studying the latest develop-



DAN WAKEFIELD is a staff contributor.

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ments in every field to look for hints which can be applied and tested in medical research on mental illness. He scans about eighty journals a month with this purpose in mind, and has sometimes come up with important data from other fields which are applicable to his own. Dr. Altschule has tracked down countless leads from every quarter in the course of his work, and has tested and discarded countless theories.

"We have thrown away literally thousands of hypotheses," he said. "For instance, ten years ago, we thought that ACTH (pituitary hormones) would improve the schizophrenic patient. It was something that could be tested. It didn't work, so we threw it away. Finally, about five years ago, we found something that did work, and we've been experimenting with it ever since. This is an extract from the pineal gland. We happened to try it because early in the course of schizophrenia, the adrenal cortex is hyperactive—there was an indication that an extract from the pineal gland might inhibit this hyperaction."

The pineal gland is a tiny organ (it got its name because its shape resembles a pine cone) seated deep in the brain. Its small size added an extra difficulty in using an extract from it for research, since a tremendous number of pineals are required to make enough serum for use in experiments. Dr. Altschule has been using the pineal glands of steers to make his extract, and he explained that "It takes the pineal glands of fifteen steers to make enough serum for one patient for one day. We're trying to negotiate now to get some whale pineals—each of these weighs a couple of pounds."

THE TINY pineal gland was first observed and named at least 2,000 years ago, but after initial speculation about its function, no interest in it was shown until the seventeenth century, when Descartes decided that it was "the seat of the soul." In 1753, one doctor reported on five cases of pineal calcification that occurred with psychosis, and in 1779 Morgnani wrote that

... Although you have heard above that this disorder [pineal calcification]

has been found with madness and without it also, yet I would not have you forget there is not any one disorder wherewith it is so frequently found to be join'd, as with madness.

A new revival of medical interest in the pineal gland began about ten years ago, mainly in Europe and Japan, but in this country little interest was shown. Several American reports which stated that the pineal gland has no function contributed to the belief among U.S. medical people that the organ was a useless vestige of a "primitive eye."

When Dr. Altschule began his investigations with pineal extract, he



found that nineteen other men had tried the same thing and given up on it. In his latest published report on his work ("Some Effects of Aqueous Extracts of Acetone-Dried Beef Pineal Substance on Chronic Schizophrenia," *New England Journal of Medicine*, November 7, 1957), Dr. Altschule wrote of those former experimenters:

The work of earlier authors who reported that pineal extracts caused clinical improvement in schizophrenia had several defects: the authors did not limit their observations to chronic cases, and hence the possibility of spontaneous remissions cannot be ruled out; no laboratory studies were made, and hence the possibility of a placebo effect cannot be eliminated....

In his first experiments, Dr. Altschule confirmed through laboratory tests with chronic schizophrenics that the pineal extract "reversed some of the biochemical abnormalities encountered in schizophrenic patients" and that "clinical improvement also was noted." In describing his re-

search (in the paper cited earlier), Dr. Altschule reported some examples of the dramatic effects of the extract in his early experiments:

Case F. A thirty-year-old woman showed significant rises in blood glutathione level and eosinophil count after receiving several injections, but about eight days after treatment was started both measurements began to decline despite continual injections. Before treatment the patient had postured bizarrely and had been hallucinated, deluded, and incoherent. After several injections she improved rapidly, losing her hallucinations and showing some awareness of the nature of her illness. This clinical improvement was maintained for nearly three weeks, after which a slow symptomatic relapse began.

Case D. A thirty-two-year-old woman showed no increase in glutathione concentration and only a brief rise in blood eosinophil count during the period of injections. She had been psychotic for five years, grimacing bizarrely and frequently being disheveled, unintelligible, and incontinent. On the sixth day of treatment, she spoke sanely and coherently, expressed disgust at her condition, and asked to be sent to the beauty parlor. For about three days she was clean and neat and spoke rationally, but on the ninth day she returned to her original condition. She remained psychotic even though injections were continued.

Case W. A twenty-three-year-old man... Before receiving the injections, the patient had been apathetic and hallucinated. After one week of treatment he was cheerful, active, and free of hallucinations; he showed considerable understanding of his previous condition and became a leader in the patients' social life. Clinical relapse became definitely noticeable about three weeks after biochemical refractions developed.

In every case, the dramatic change in the body chemistry and the clinical behavior of the patient was soon discouragingly lost as the patient became "immune" or "refractory" to the extract. The problem for Dr. Altschule thus became the attempt to develop an extract which would maintain its original effectiveness. Many attempts failed, but finally Dr. Altschule found that a protein in the extract was causing the patients to become immune to it, and he set out next to develop an

extract which would not contain the protein. He was able to report, in the paper cited, that this protein-free extract had

...thus far [February to July, 1957] been given for four separate periods of eight to ten days to one patient; for three such periods to another; and for one such period each to two others. No biochemical or clinical evidence of refractoriness has yet been observed.

Since that finding was made, Dr. Altschule has been working to develop a protein-free extract which will have the highest effectiveness, and make it "stable and standardized." He feels now that he is only about "a year away" from that goal. When he reaches it, drug companies will make and distribute the extract and, Dr. Altschule explained, "It will have to be tested on thousands of patients before it can be called a 'cure' for schizophrenia." But basing his observations on his experience with the pineal extract, Dr. Altschule said: "My guess is that it will work very well in early schizophrenia, and not so well in 'degenerative schizophrenia,' where the patients have already been hospitalized for many years. But I think it will do *something* for everyone. We had one schizophrenic patient who had been in the hospital for twenty-three years without speaking to anyone, and after the pineal injections he began to talk. He wasn't coherent, but at least he was talking—he at least had a reaction to the extract, even though he had been a schizophrenic for more than twenty years."

DR. ALTSCHULE has already received "many hundreds of requests" for the serum. When the drug companies begin to produce and distribute it, a real revolution in the pattern of mental illness could come about.

The Doctor feels that since the extract will probably be most effective on people in the earlier stages of schizophrenia, it will mean that once the current generation of older, "degenerative schizophrenics" passes away, the new cases can be treated immediately and the hospitals will not fill up again with the "residual" schizophrenic patients who make up

more than half of the public mental hospital population today.

Dr. Altschule mentioned the fact that the greatest alterations in the mental hospital population in this country so far have been the result of chemical cures. The psychoses caused by syphilis and pellagra have been found to result from biochemical changes in the body, and treatment for the former by penicillin and the latter by Vitamin B have virtually eliminated these illnesses in America. Pellagra had been affecting 400,000 Americans a year, both physically and mentally, and causing thousands to be sent to mental hospitals. "Something like half the patients in mental hospitals in the South used to be victims of psychoses caused by pellagra or syphilis, and now those have been nearly eliminated," Dr. Altschule said.

ALTHOUGH the new tranquilizing drugs have sometimes been touted as a hope for causing another revolutionary reduction in the population of our mental hospitals, Dr. Altschule feels that they cannot offer any basic answer to schizophrenia because "they don't change the metabolism of a patient."

The pineal extract does just that—and it may also change a great many other things. If its use is successful on a long-term, widespread basis, it may be one of many steps toward changing the whole system of classification of mental illness. "Mental diseases are now classified by symptoms—by the patients' behavior," Dr. Altschule explained. "These are the only illnesses that are not classified 'medically.' In the future, the classifications of mental illness will be based on the body chemistry of the patient."

Although schizophrenia has been thought of by most authorities as a label for what Freud's colleague, Eugene Bleuler, called "the group of schizophrenias," and is defined in the latest *Encyclopedia Britannica* as "a group of psychological disturbances or mental disorders..." Dr. Altschule feels that there is "no basis" yet for saying that schizophrenia is a number of diseases rather than a single one. He believes that the classifications of this and

other mental disorders, based on the patients' behavior and without attention to body chemistry, have often been misleading.

"There are," he said, "some patients in hospitals today who are called 'schizophrenic' and actually only have a lack of salt in the body, and are all right once that is remedied."

DR. ALTSCHULE believes that "Progress in treating mental illness has suffered greatly from being taken out of medical hands and left to 'specialists.' The great medical schools in this country have been taken over by Freudians. It may be of interest that Harvard Medical School, which was the first in this country to introduce Freudian theories, was also the first to introduce Phrenology. Both are hypotheses that can't be tested."

The slow progress in medical research on mental illness won't improve greatly, Dr. Altschule feels, "until the same attitudes enter this field that are held in other fields of medicine—collection of data, examination of data, evaluation of data."

There is a further handicap to advancement in treatment of mental illness due to lack of research. From a public standpoint, it is startling to find that the main voluntary agency concerned with mental health in this country, the National Association for Mental Health, last year could give only \$143,000 for research. And Dr. Altschule feels the problem goes even beyond this to the more basic question of overall medical research.

"Medical research per capita in this country is far behind other countries in the Western world," Dr. Altschule said. "All the great medical advances in the last fifty years, with one or two exceptions, have come from abroad. This country does a good job on development—once an idea is published we seize it and work on it—but we don't produce enough ideas here."

The recent increase of interest in medical research on mental illness has certainly come after a long era barren of ideas on the subject. It is strange indeed that even though Freud himself recorded his hope

that more accessible and certain means for treating mental illness through medicine would be developed, there has been until recently such a lack of research in this area. The revived attention to its possibilities, and the many advances

being made, may soon result in our sharing one of Francis Bacon's observations that Dr. Altschule has quoted in his book on *The Pineal Gland*:

The human mind is often so awkward and ill-regulated in the career

of invention that it is at first diffident, and then despises itself. For it appears at first incredible that any such discovery should be made, and when it has been made, it appears incredible that it should have so long escaped men's research.

MYTH OF THE POWERFUL WORKER: II

NLRB'S WAR ON LABOR... by Harvey Swados

This is the conclusion of a two-part article. Mr. Swados, novelist and ex-factory worker, wrote "The Myth of the Happy Worker," which appeared in The Nation of August 17, 1957.—Ed.

Washington, D.C.

FORTY-FIVE million unorganized workers in the United States can never better themselves through organization by such unions as the Textile Workers, Retail Clerks and the white-collar unions as long as Taft-Hartley remains as law and is interpreted as it is being interpreted by the NLRB. These workers are simply not organizable; and the lawyers and union staffers in the plush Washington offices, whose job is to thread their way through the mazes of NLRB decisions and administrative rulings, are by and large almost as frustrated and furious as the workers of Winchester, Virginia [see Mr. Swados' first article, "Taft-Hartley Shows Its Teeth," *The Nation*, June 28]. Let us examine some of the reasons why.

First of all, there are the provisions of Taft-Hartley itself. We have already seen how some of these have changed the hitherto quiet lives of the people of Winchester and of Palmdale, California. In Toledo, Ohio, the Retail Clerks International Association had been bargaining with four stores together, which called themselves Retail Associates. In November, 1957, the union struck one of the stores, Tiedtke's, which promptly withdrew from the employer group and settled with the union. Thereupon the union struck a second member store, LaSalle & Koch (an R. H. Macy affiliate); this strike continues, but the store is open

and, as in Winchester, grandmothers walk the picket line, cherishing their new-found militancy but wondering what goes on inside the store and inside the government.

For now the maneuvering had begun. Retail Associates, acting for its three remaining members, asked the NLRB to hold an election among the employees of LaSalle's, Lamson Brothers and Lion Dry Goods, arguing that the bargaining unit had changed. The strategy was obvious: with the unionized employees of Tiedtke's excluded from the vote, with the 400 striking employees of LaSalle's excluded from the vote, and with the 350 strikebreakers of LaSalle's included in the vote, the Retail Clerks union couldn't possibly win. The union thereupon withheld its technically necessary non-Communist affidavits in an effort to keep itself off the ballot and thus forestall an election. It went before the NLRB and argued that it had the same right to withdraw from bargaining with the multi-store group that one of the store group did; and it asserted its right to bargain with the three stores individually.

With extraordinary rapidity, the NLRB ruled against the union, thus condemning it in advance to what the Rubber Workers had already been going through in Virginia. As Joseph A. Loftus narrated the story in *The New York Times* of April 11, the board "took the unusual step of notifying the parties by telegram of its decision less than forty-eight hours after it had heard oral argument." In so doing, the board overturned its own ten-year-old precedent, which forbade a union not

technically in compliance with filing requirements from participating in an election; it opened the door to employers who would like to force their employees belonging to such powerful unions as the Mine Workers or the Typographers, to submit willy-nilly to an NLRB election; and it drove the infuriated Retail Clerks to the courts, no less, to seek an injunction against the NLRB election. Sol Lippman, union counsel, bluntly called the decision "a naked effort to break a strike," and went before U. S. District Judge Edward M. Curran to demand injunctive relief.

The NLRB attorney actually pleaded that LaSalle's was losing money because of the strike—a strange argument for a government official in a quasi-judicial position. The Associated Press story of April 22 gave another interesting sidelight on the reasoning of the NLRB attorney:

Mr. Come argued that it was not certain how the election would come out if held on schedule on a multiple-unit basis. He said some of the LaSalle employees who have replaced strikers might vote for the union.

"You don't think they are going to vote themselves out of a job, do you?" the judge asked.

Thereupon the judge issued the preliminary injunction sought by the Clerks, and the case will now be fought through the courts, while the middle-aged ladies march the picket lines in downtown Toledo.

If it seems strange today that labor unions should go to the courts to demand the aid of what has been for generations one of the most dreaded weapons used against labor—the in-

junction—that can only be taken as a measure of the extent to which the labor movement has become alarmed, not just about Taft-Hartley itself, but about the erosive effect of recent NLRB rulings.

While some of the most deeply-entrenched unions have been howling the loudest in outrage (the International Typographical Union, operating for generations under what have amounted to closed-shop conditions, says Taft-Hartley has already cost its members \$30,000,000), the truth of the matter would seem to be that it is the workers in the less powerful unions, and even more so the not-yet organized workers, who are affected most directly by the anti-labor bias of what one lawyer refers to as the National Labor Reversals Board. It costs from \$3,000 to \$10,000 to pursue a case through the circuit court, with the result that some unions simply cannot afford to contest what this lawyer calls “board law, not worth the paper it’s printed on,” in a court of law; indeed, he finds it currently so difficult to get a complaint issued by the board that he discourages his clients from filing charges with it at all. It should be noted parenthetically that corporations are legally entitled to list as business expenses the cost of fighting unfair-labor-practice court cases.

WHAT is this “board law”? Here the layman finds his feet sinking into legal quicksand, and as he reaches out frantically for solid objects to cling to in the morass of opinions, precedents (some with names like the “Orkin the Rat Man” case), and administrative responses to changes in the political climate (i.e., the board’s swing from a New Deal to an Eisenhower stance), he finds himself grasping at the straws of Latin phrases and at footnotes in which numbers outnumber words. Senator Wayne Morse of Oregon had a go at it on the floor of the Senate back in 1956, delivering himself of a ninety-page oration based in large part on a paper by Mozart G. Ratner, formerly Assistant General Counsel of the NLRB, entitled “Recent Changes in National Labor Relations Board Policies.” Both of these

documents are well worth reading, and one may surmise that the only reason for their not having a greater impact at the time was their lack of sex appeal as well as general public apathy toward labor problems at a time of full employment.

IT WOULD BE tempting at this point to narrate some of the cases cited by Ratner and Morse, but a good deal has happened since then, and a good deal continues to happen. Let us mention only the case of the B.V.D. strikers, cited with good reason in both monographs. At Pascagoula, Mississippi, a group of women workers had organized themselves into a home-made union and then sought out the International Ladies’ Garment Workers’ Union for help. The NLRB denied reinstatement and back pay to thirty-seven strikers on the ground that they had continued to picket after acts of violence had been committed against the B.V.D. property by unidentified third parties. There was no attempt to prove that the women strikers instigated or even participated in the acts of violence; there was no evidence of conspiracy on the part of the strikers or of their having any control over the perpetrators. The board held that these ladies, some of whom were putting their children through school and were the main family breadwinners, were not entitled to get their jobs back because they should either have stopped picketing or dissociated themselves from the violence by “admonishment, denunciation or public pronouncement.” This astonishing assault upon a group of innocent women, with all it implied not just for their right to their jobs but for their basic right to picket (and how can you conduct a strike without picketing?), forced the ILGWU to take the case to the courts. No wonder Professor Willard Wirtz, writing in the *Northwestern University Law Review*, commented that “the new NLRB . . . has proceeded to ‘reinterpret’ the [Taft-Hartley] Act in such a manner as to change its practical application substantially beyond anything seriously considered in recent Congresses.”

We have to bear in mind, too, that

the layman’s notion that you can simply go to court (if you can afford it) and get everything straightened out that has been done to you administratively is more than a little simple. The courts are most reluctant to overrule the NLRB, and because of the “substantial evidence” rule, it is extremely difficult to get the board reversed in court on a question of fact. If you are not prepared to argue law rather than fact against the board, the chances are you will only waste your time and money in the courts. One Washington labor lawyer told me flatly: “If I were an employer lawyer, I could break any union just by using Taft-Hartley and the NLRB.”

In this connection, we might take note of a Washington story in *The New York Times* of May 27, 1958:

The Supreme Court held today that an employee kept out of a plant by the threats of striking union members might sue the union for damages in the state courts instead of going to the National Labor Relations Board for relief.

Chief Justice Warren, joined in dissent by Justice Douglas, asserted:

There is a very real prospect of staggering punitive damages accumulated through successive actions by parties injured by [union] members who have succumbed to the emotion that frequently accompanies concerted activities during labor unrest. . . . By reason of vicarious liability for its members’ ill-advised conduct on the picket lines, the union [the United Automobile Workers, already defending some twenty-nine other suits totaling \$1,500,000 as a result of the Decatur, Alabama, strike] is to be subjected to a series of judgments that may and probably will reduce it to bankruptcy.

THIS BRINGS us to the tricky question which some Washington attorneys regard as the greatest drawback of the present NLRB: its narrow definition of its own jurisdiction. Without going into the complex details, we may say only that several years ago the board drew an arbitrary line and refused—presumably for reasons of budget and work load—to take jurisdiction in cases where the employer was basically “local” in character, as determined partly by

the dollar value of business inflow or outflow. NLRB member Murdock promptly pointed out that there was neither a pressing shortage of funds, nor inability to handle case load (which was no higher than it had been five years earlier), nor any serious backlog of cases. He believed that the new jurisdictional standards would eliminate between a quarter and a third of the board's jurisdiction. It was his judgment, fortified by quotations from his more conservative colleagues, that the slash in jurisdiction was motivated by what you might dignify as philosophical considerations: the desire on the part of the board majority to



cut back on "federal bureaucracy" and return to the states (most of which, if they have troubled to enact labor legislation at all, have adopted only "right to work" laws and similar employer aids) as much authority as possible on labor questions.

Labor lawyers like Arthur Goldberg and Elliott Bredhoff, counsel for the Steelworkers Union, claim that by thus taking itself out of the picture in such a substantial proportion of cases, the board has cut off the application of federal labor law from those working for hard-core employers and from marginal areas where workers are most in need of government protection. If you have been wondering where the individual human being re-enters the picture, think for a moment of the saleslady in a store or the chambermaid in a hotel, neither of whom can now turn to her government for protection if she wants to unionize—unless she happens to work for a "big" employer.

However, it must be noted that the Supreme Court has complicated matters by refusing to grant the

states jurisdiction over some of these cases, thereby creating a "no man's land" for several million workers; that the Florida hotel cases are currently before the Supreme Court; that Congress is very likely going to have to do something about the "no man's land" area; and, indeed, that some labor lawyers in Washington are currently far more exercised about matters other than the board's refusal to take jurisdiction in many cases.

WHAT ARE THESE other matters? Some of them are pretty ugly. Plato E. Papps, attorney for the International Association of Machinists, in a bitter article in a forthcoming number of the *University of Detroit Law Review*, entitled "The Aluminum Workers — Revisited," charges that

... It is hardly risky speculation to ferret out the true motives of the presently-constructed National Labor Relations Board. . . . It is patently obvious that NLRB changes in policy have invariably been in favor of management. The cumulative effect of the many small shifts has been considerable. Curtailment of the economic power of labor organizations is but one of a categorized array of anti-labor policies. And even where no explicit change in policy can be garnered from administrative rulings, the "Eisenhower Board" analyzes facts in such a way as to find fewer violations of the Act by employers in contrast to unions. It is necessary to explore only the dissenting opinions of Member Murdock to ascertain how "Republican political facts of life" form the keystone of board persuasion. The recent expiration of Member Murdock's term on the board brings to an end, incidentally, the irritable reminders that Congress did not intend the Taft-Hartley Act to be the manipulative bauble of the National Association of Manufacturers.

In support of these conclusions, Mr. Papp quotes the following comments from articles in the *Utah Law Review*, the *Labor Law Journal*, the *Columbia Law Review*, and the *University of Chicago Law Review*: ". . . Substantial changes have been made in the NLRB decisions since the advent of an Eisenhower majority. . . ." "The recent decisions of

the board have tended . . . to favor the employer's interests over the union. . . ." "The recent major policy decisions reveal a total disregard for the fact . . . that Congress declared it to be the policy of the United States to encourage unionization for the purpose of restoring equality of bargaining power between employers and employees."

THE most comprehensive and devastating summary of what these changes have actually involved is to be found in an article called "Labor Law Upside Down: The NLRB and Member Rodgers," written by Joseph E. Finley and to be published as a pamphlet by the Public Affairs Institute. Mr. Finley, a labor lawyer who makes no bones about his bias, traces the turnabout in labor law to the appointment to the board in 1953 of Philip Ray Rodgers, a Taft protégé. Most particularly since then, he claims, the NLRB has been curtailing union organization, resorting to injunctions, making inexcusable rulings against unions, suppressing union activities over broad areas, and making a feeble defense of its pro-management rulings.

For one thing, in the minds of the NLRB a *threat* has now become a *prediction*. If your boss tells you that he'll have to close down his plant if you vote for a union, or if he tells you that he won't bargain with the union, he's not threatening you—he's merely "predicting" what he may be forced to do, and therefore is not guilty of an unfair labor practice. The lawyers call this "prediction of a legal position."

Moreover, sophisticated employers, thanks to the new board, have now discovered that the realm of permissible campaign propaganda has been vastly enlarged. Finley cites the case of the Zeller Corporation which, after bombarding its employees with mailings and anti-union publications, sent them a copy of a letter from one of its customers which inquired about the company's labor relations. Employees, the company pointed out to its own workers, "can readily see how we can retain customers and secure new business without the presence of a union." This, although it was a misrepresentation.

sentation, was ruled by the board to be permissible propaganda.

Worse than either of these—at least in the opinion of this writer—is the extraordinary latitude given to employer “expressions of opinion” in the sacred name of “free speech.” The cases that Finley cites are bad enough, in all conscience; but there are others he does not cite, particularly in the backward areas that the Textile Workers Union has been trying almost fruitlessly to organize, that are so heartbreaking as to make anyone except the most case-hardened want to weep.

These are not the thirties, we are reminded over and over. These are the fifties, unions are strong (too strong, even some liberals are saying), workers are not deserving of any special sympathy. Yet today women who earn 85 cents an hour waiting on you in stores vote against having a union to defend their rights because they are frightened by their employer, or lied to by him, and have no government agency which will defend them against threats or lies made in the name of free speech. Today, throughout the South, thousands of men and women who work in textile mills at below-standard wages, in below-standard conditions, vote against unions because they are showered with racist propaganda of the lowest kind.

For some weeks now, John W. Edelman, Washington Representative of the Textile Workers Union, has been fruitlessly appealing to Senator McClellan, Chairman of the Select Committee — not on Labor Racketeering, as it has become known—but “to Investigate Improper Activities in Labor-Management Relations.” He has asked for the opportunity to show that in Gaffney, South Carolina, in Alexander City, Alabama, in Tallapoosa, Georgia, in Stuart, Virginia, and in other towns throughout the South, there exists a pattern of anti-union violence and obstruction.

Back in 1950 a Senate subcommittee found that:

The extent and effectiveness of the opposition in the Southern Textile industry is almost unbelievable.

In stopping a union-organizing campaign, the employer will use some

or all of the following methods: surveillance of organizers and union adherents; propaganda through rumors, letters, news stories, advertisements, speeches to the employees; denial of free speech and assembly to the union; organizing of the whole community for anti-union activity; labor espionage; discharges of union sympathizers; violence and gun play; injunctions; the closing or moving of the mill; endless litigation before the NLRB and the Courts, etc. . . .

It is Edelman's claim that substantially the same conditions prevail today, in 1958, but so far Senator McClellan has shown no desire to divert the committee's attention from the more eye-catching exposures of venal union officials. We may legitimately ask what has happened to the national sense of proportion, of the fitness of things, when the misdeeds of a handful of loathsome slobs are deemed more worthy of our moral indignation than the deprivation of millions of Americans.

HOW DO Taft-Hartley and the NLRB fit into this picture? Between 1943 and 1946, almost 50,000 Southern textile workers were brought under Textile Workers' labor agreements; since Taft-Hartley, this union's organizing drives have been for the most part dishearteningly unsuccessful. Take the case of the Burlington chain. Burlington is the largest single textile company in the United States, employing about 50,000 workers in about a hundred plants in this country alone. This is no backwoods outfit. It is also not above being involved in the distribution of anti-Semitic and anti-Negro propaganda, in having its supervisors tell employees that the union is 100 per cent for racial integration, in having its plant managers tell employees that the union has given large sums to the NAACP, in informing its employees that white workers would have Negro shop stewards if the union got in. Why not? The NLRB has already ruled that employers have the right to “free speech,” and that if employer-subsidized Chambers of Commerce and clergymen peddle anti-union race hate during organizing drives, there is no “proof” that the employers are

using them as anti-labor “agents” to commit unfair labor practices.

But free speech seems to be a one-way street. In the T.W.U.'s futile effort to organize the workers of the Chatham Manufacturing Company in Elkin, North Carolina, all meeting places within an area of thirty miles were denied to Chatham workers: the Elkin YMCA, the local movie theatres, the Elkin school, the Benham school, the Boonville school, the Boonville movie house, the Surrey County Court House. Meanwhile, the workers were being bombarded not only by the local clergy and the local press, but by a hate sheet called *Militant Truth*. The Elkin *Tribune* was not above reprinting such paragraphs as the following from this hate sheet:

The boys who head the CIO and would control the policy go under such names as Rieve, Baldanzi, Belanger, Shupka, Jueter . . . Rosenberg, Rubenstein . . . Stetin, Tullar, etc. Where do you think these men come from? Are their backgrounds, their beliefs, their faith anything like yours and ours?

The union lost the election. The union is still losing elections. Let me repeat that there are 45,000,000 unorganized workers in the United States. As Joseph Finley points out in his pamphlet, there are by now “numerous cases where unions have gone into election campaigns with far more than a majority of the employees signed to membership cards, then have received the brunt of an employer's ‘predictions,’ ‘opinions’ and ‘permissible propaganda,’ and have come out losing by margins of three and four to one.”

I only wish it were possible for me to elaborate on some of the other points made by Finley—his charges that the NLRB has been suppressing union activities over a broad area, including secondary boycotts, on-the-job union rights, seniority rules, union security, collective-bargaining rights and protection against discriminatory discharges. But space permits mention only of his final pages on the record of NLRB member Philip Ray Rodgers, who voted against unions in every single case cited by Finley, including those labeled by

(Continued on page 20)

BOOKS and the ARTS

The Shapiro Question

POEMS OF A JEW. By Karl Shapiro.
Random House. 73 pp. \$3.50.

M. L. Rosenthal

POEMS OF A JEW, work mainly taken from earlier volumes, has Karl Shapiro's usual unevenness. Look hard at some of the pieces and their interest flies away like the white fluff of aged dandelions in the wind. The best ones, poems of an intense and brooding introvert, glow and crackle and burst into flame—unless the poet tries (as usually he does try) to fan them with his intellect. For it is matter of great sorrow that Shapiro, though his best work is that of an emotionalist sicklied o'er with the pale cast of thought, can't really think. When he makes the attempt he seems an inferior Auden, a decapitated Hamlet, or a flunked-out Talmudist.

I call to witness the mass of ill-fated assertions introducing these pieces on "the theme of the Jew." Example:

The Jewish Question, whatever that might be, is not my concern. Nor is Judaism. Nor is Jewry. Nor is Israel. The religious question is not my concern. I am one of those who views with disgust and disappointment the evangelism and the backsliding of artists and intellectuals towards religion....

I do not quarrel with these assertions in themselves. But they bear little relation to the actual experience of a Jew who, unless we are all mistaken, was for some time—and not too long ago—a Catholic convert (an experience to which a number of his poems seem to allude). Nor can they be said to describe the sentiments represented in this very book by poems like "The Synagogue," which quite explicitly exalts the unique "factual holiness" of Judaism and everything in it which "marks a separate race," and like "Israel":

When I see the name of Israel high
in print

The fences crumble in my flesh....

As for "the Jewish Question, whatever that might be"—it must, insofar as it exists, have to do with the relations and attitudes toward each other of the Gentile majority and the Jews within a given nation or culture. Shapiro's poems certainly go at this Question in many ways; titles like "Shylock"

and "The Jew at Christmas Eve" do not mislead us, and scattered all through the poems there are enough such passages as the three that follow to make us cough discreetly at the disclaimer:

The letters of the Jews are black and
clean

And lie in chain-line over Christian
pages... ("Alphabet")

Grandpa, the saintly Jew, keeping
his beard

In difficult Virginia, yet endeared
Of blacks and farmers, although orthodox ("The Southerner")

To hurt the Negro and avoid the
Jew

Is the curriculum... ("University")

The many such confrontations, often combined with other motifs in brilliant and moving fashion, show how obsessed this writer is with just the Question he has shrugged away. In fact, he himself uses the word "obsession" in his introduction, though he tries there to generalize it out of all recognition. The poems, he says, are "documents of an obsession" that is "universal and timeless"—"the Jew is at its center, but everyone else partakes of it." Mr. Shapiro wants to resolve the Question by making the particulars of his own life into an ultimate symbol of essential Jewishness, which he can then equate with the naked modern sensibility:

The Jew is absolutely committed to the world... This people beyond philosophy, beyond art, virtually beyond religion, a stranger even to mysticism, finds itself at the very center of the divine manifestation—man. The Jew represents the primitive ego of the human race... The free modern Jew, celebrated so perfectly in the character of Leopold Bloom, is neither hero nor victim. He is man left over, after everything that can happen has happened.

It may throw some light on this for the most part pretentious nonsense to note that Leopold Bloom is, after all, a figment of the *Irish* imagination. What Mr. Shapiro is really talking about is the way he sees himself at this moment. "Poet" and "Jew" are terms almost interchangeable in his lexicon; in a piece not in this volume he has written that the poet

...is the business man, on beauty
trades,

Dealer in arts and thought who, like
the Jew,

Shall rise from slums and hated
dialects

A tower of bitterness... ("Poet")

Another omitted poem, "The Dome of Sunday," is a brutal criticism of bourgeois Jewish life in Shapiro's native Baltimore; the social type there pictured does not fit his present thesis. Modern Jewish life is actually, and naturally, extremely varied, but one would never guess from this book that many of Saul Bellow's characters could exist, or the working people of our big cities, or the "solid" doctors and lawyers and other professional people whose ego is neither more nor less "primitive" than that of the next member of the American Dental Association.

"Obsession" remains an intriguing word, however. Perhaps the real clue to what the poet feels can be glimpsed in "The First Time." Here a boy is about to be initiated into sex by a prostitute. Absorbed in his self-consciousness, he does not notice that she has been scrutinizing his body in her mirror as he has entered her room after undressing outside it. Suddenly

...she turns around, as one turns
at a desk,

And looks at him, too naked and
too soon,

And almost gently asks: *Are you a
Jew?*

"Obsession" is surely the right word! In a note to another poem, Shapiro writes that "in Freud's view, as in that of every Jew, mutilation, circumcision, and 'the fear of being eaten' are all one." The generalization may be dubious, but it does indicate the sexual and traumatic aspects of the poet's conception of Jewishness.

SOMETIMES the horror of this conception is conveyed without specific sexual allusion. One of Shapiro's best poems, "Messias," recalls his shocked recoil as a child from an old religious Jew who came to the door seeking a "donation for the Holy Land" in the "hieratic language of the heart." The boy fled "in terror from the nameless hurt." More characteristic is the *Adam and Eve* sequence, which represents the Fall as essentially the discovery of sex. Fascinated by his phallic and vaginal imag-

ery, which emphatically suggests at times "the fear of being eaten," and which is developed with a prurient, guilty, almost voyeuristic curiosity, the poet follows—as he says—his own interpretation, though influenced by cabalistic symbolism and by Reich's ideas. A footnote justifies the inclusion of this sequence on the ground that its viewpoint "that man is for the world, not for the afterworld, is Jewish." It seems clear, however, that its connotations of sexually oriented violence and fear provide the truer reason. (See also the first of the *Five Self-Portraits*, in which the poet tells, fairly humorously but with great sympathy for his own infant wounds, the story of his birth and circumcision amid all the echoes and symbols of American and Christian tradition.)

Macready and the Bowery B'hoys

THE ASTOR PLACE RIOT. By Richard Moody. Indiana University Press. 243 pp. \$5.

W. S. Merwin

ON THE night of March 2, 1846, the English actor William C. Macready was playing *Hamlet* in Edinburgh. It was his custom during certain lines in the players' scene to walk about waving his handkerchief over his head; as he began his flourish on that particular night a loud hiss came from somewhere in the upper boxes. Macready, as he told his diary, "bowed derisively and contemptuously to the individual. The audience carried it, though he was very staunch to his purpose. It discomposed me, and alas! might have ruined many; but I bore it down." But it bore back up again when Macready learned that the staunch hisser had been Edwin Forrest, the foremost American actor of the time, whose existence had been as a nettle to Macready's thin skin for some years past. The jealous animosity which the two actors felt for each other was quite natural: each was in the way of the other's ambitions, and they were each other's opposites temperamentally and in most other respects as well. Forrest, thick-set and a man to horse-whip a critic, was a "natural" actor who had served his apprenticeship in the company of Edmund Kean; through most of his career he relied on over-

Fortunately, the Good Lord made Karl Shapiro a genuine poet even though He skimmed somewhat on the logical and critical endowment. Despite the traumatic basis of their movement into compassion, a number of these poems reach beautiful resolution. Others explore ponderous themes—the ease with which we forget history's most dreadful lessons, the incommunicability of certain essential differences of tradition and life-principle, and so on—without losing their buoyancy and independent character as works of feeling with a design independent of doctrinal interests. Indeed, when Shapiro succeeds it is through his vibrant language and rhythm, his unabashed candor, and his irresistible emotional force that *will* bring out his true meanings even when he himself is not quite sure of them.

whelming his audience with his emotional violence. He was heavily, theatrically patriotic. He was Macready's junior by several years. Macready was melancholic, irritable, a man who despised his fellow-actors and made it plain to them. He was obsessed with his position, given to finding people and their cultural attainments unworthy of him; a contemporary account described him as "rather rancidly superfine in his personal manners." Before 1846 their enmity had been covert; Forrest's hiss was the declaration of war.

Before the hostilities were over, Macready had to "bear down" worse things than hisses. On Monday evening, May 7, 1849, three *Macbeths* were announced in New York City. There was Macready's at the Astor Place Opera House, Forrest's at the Broadway and Hamblin's at the Bowery. This last has nothing to do with the subsequent story—Mr. Hamblin was simply cashing in on the by then widely-publicized conflict between Forrest and Macready. Niblo and Hackett's Astor Place Opera House audience was infiltrated by a contingent of "Bowery b'hoys," a semi-organized body of toughs with marked political opinions: they were anti-foreigners and anti-"codfish aristocracy." Macready walked on-stage into a hail of old eggs and potatoes, pennies and asafetida; the play continued—though the racket of jeers, groans and catcalls drowned the words—until the third act, when somebody took to throwing chairs and the idea threatened to catch on. Macready rang down the curtain.

Understandably, he was not eager to

Dedication

(from *Revisited Waters*)

I'll not be servant,
No, neither pursuivant,
To that inconstant
Bird that takes wing,
Never remaining,
Leaving this raining
Land of complaining
Spring after Spring.

Though I see shiver
Signs on the river
Where swan and diver
Calmly alight,
All that I treasure
Trusts in a measure
Folding its pleasure
Fast against night.

Here in this breaking
Dusk of my waking
Never forsaking
Earth it has known,
Dawn brings before me
Like a lost army
Lives that were stormy
Linked with my own.

Some that knew hunger,
Some that grew stronger,
Some that lived longer,
Looked for time gone.
Youth made them tougher;
Yet, to discover
All the young suffer,
We must live on.

When the wings starting,
Bulrushes parting,
Migrant, departing,
Rise from the stream,
From the four quarters
Come to these waters
Memory's daughters,
Torn from their dream.

Like the Earth spinning
Into beginning,
Innocence winning
Time to its use
Makes the past present,
Sacredly crescent:
All obsolescent
Time it renews.

Make me, then, servant,
Yes, stubborn pursuivant
To the stream's fervent
Spring that remains,
Naked in bounty,
Stripped to give plenty,
Strength of this county,
Mountains and plains.

VERNON WATKINS

W. S. MERWIN is a poet whose work has appeared frequently in these pages. A collection of his verse, *Green with Beasts*, was published in 1956.

July 5, 1958

go on with his engagement. There were threats of worse to come, if he did. But a number of leading social and literary lights petitioned him to continue; Mayor Woodruff, when Niblo and Hackett declined to close the theatre, arranged for heavy police attendance and a reserve of militia, and on Thursday night, May 10, Macready gave another performance. The streets around the theatre were packed. Inside, the ruckus began again; at the end of the first act the police seized the chief offenders and the play went on. But outside, the b'hoys and some of the crowd began lobbing cobblestones at the windows and at the police, with excellent effect. The police were unequal to the situation; the militia were sent for and arrived during the third act. The play ended; Macready was huddled away in disguise; still the riot went on. The troops had been supplied only with ball cartridges; they were ordered to fire a round over the heads of the demonstrators. When that proved ineffective they fired at least two rounds—some say three—into the crowd. The exact casualty list cannot be known; the accounts of the time indicate that there were some thirty-one killed (none of them police or militia, and many of them simply spectators, at some distance from the riot itself) and at least a hundred and fifty injured (including police and militia).

THE RIOT, as might have been expected, represented more than simply a climax to a jealous feud between two actors. It was a focus for wide discontents. And it was by no means entirely spontaneous; latent unrest had been deliberately excited by a number of organizers for the purposes of their own political ambitions. The anti-aristocratic feeling, of course, had a long tradition; in its current form it went back at least to Andrew Jackson. A section of Jackson's own Democratic Party had come to feel that the party was not democratic enough, and had split away from it; they were called Locofocos, or Barnburners. The anti-foreign sentiments were quite as easy to whip up. Politicians had been working on them for some time, and they had had plenty of occasions. It was only a few years since the Mexican War, for one thing. For another, during the 1840s large numbers of Irish, driven from Ireland by the potato famine, had entered the country and flooded the labor market. The last two Presidential campaigns had been jazzed up with anti-foreign talk of various kinds, much of it imperialistic, and

a good bit of it directed specifically against the British.

It is easy to see how Macready, at the time of the riot, could have been made to symbolize all that the rioters hated, in contrast to the true-blue democratic patriot Edwin Forrest. Forrest, besides, had repeatedly maintained in print that Macready had used all his influence to prevent Forrest's success in Europe; while Macready, on his part, had said some lofty and rather silly things about America and Americans.

One of the chief rabble-rousers behind the Astor Place riot, and certainly the most conspicuous of them, was Elmo Z. C. Judson, whose *nom de plume* was Ned Buntline. He was one of the most flamboyantly outrageous, unprincipled and various men of his era: among other things he was one of the originators of the dime novel, a voluminous writer of blood-and-thunder adventure, and himself an adventurer, seducer, polygamist, blackmailer, drunk, temperance lecturer and editor of *Ned Buntline's Own*, a scandal-sheet which he had founded. (Twenty-some years later he discovered and launched Buffalo Bill, writing the first novels about him and plagiarizing a play for him to act in.) He was currently—for his own purposes, of course—casting himself in the role of reformer, and was one of the leaders of the anti-foreign American Party. Buntline's rhetoric was shameless and inexhaustible; having exhorted the Bowery b'hoys to riot, he strode up and down in front of them outside the Opera House, brandishing a sword and demanding to know whether British "base-born miscreants" were to be allowed to rule over sons of the Revolution. He was finally arrested and got a year, but when he came out his supporters had an open carriage, six white horses and a band waiting for him, and wheeled him off to the strains of "Hail to the Chief."

MR. MOODY'S book on the riot is in most ways a disappointment. He has chosen to limit his subject almost entirely to the quarrel between Macready and Forrest, and to the accounts of the riot itself. The organizers and the political background are dealt with in a sketchy, perfunctory way. The result could not have failed to be a lopsided presentation of an intricately dramatic disaster, but still it might have been an important contribution to the history of the period if it had presented either the actors and their quarrel or the actual riot with any illumination. As it is, Mr. Moody seems to have had neither a clear vision of the event and its char-

acters, nor any very strong opinions or feelings about them. He appears to have done little more than assemble the available accounts and string together a loose narrative, quoting from them profusely. The book is neither particularly vivid nor pointed, and is clumsily and repetitiously organized: Mr. Moody starts by describing the riot once, then he goes back and leads up to it and describes it again in greater detail and with longer quotations from the papers. Even considered simply as a reference work the book is less than ideal—it lacks an index. Apart from some fine pictures its chief virtue is an interesting subject, rather than anything which Mr. Moody has been inspired to do with it.

Darwin to Freud

FROM APE TO ANGEL. An Informal History of Social Anthropology. By H. R. Hays. Alfred A. Knopf. 440 pp. \$7.50.

Robert H. Dyson, Jr.

MR. HAYS has written a thoroughly engaging book on an interesting but complex subject—the history of social anthropology from its beginnings in the nineteenth century to the present. To do this the author has selected certain subject areas and followed their development in biographical sketches of the scholars involved. This technique adds a personal flavor to the already fascinating study of culture by showing the accidents of history which led certain individuals to take up the investigation of primitive man. One gets a clear impression of the chain of influence leading from scholar to scholar.

The book covers three major phases of modern intellectual history: the impact of Darwin, the reaction to evolution and the impact of Freud (and incipiently the reaction to psychoanalysis). The first of these, ending around the turn of the century and including such figures as Morgan and Tyler, was concerned with the ordering of the constantly increasing data on primitive peoples in a developmental sequence based on the logic borrowed largely from Darwinian evolution. The interest in "origins" which resulted is shown particularly in the careers of Morgan working

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on the meaning of kinship, and Tyler and Frazer on religion and magic.

At the turn of the century the rise of genetics led to a critical re-evaluation of Darwinian biology and the meaning of evolution. This reaction expressed itself in social anthropology as an attack on the older attempts to arrange contemporary data in chronological order on the basis of relative degree of "primitiveness" or simplicity. Franz Boas, one of the leaders in this attack, insisted that until more field work was done there was insufficient evidence for such speculations, that for many subjects, indeed, there would never be sufficient evidence. Instead he concentrated on training students to collect new data with great care and to avoid premature schematizing.

But the rise of Freudian psycho-analytical theories in the twenties soon made the avoidance of theory impossible, and the subsequent history of anthropology has been concerned to a large extent with the impact of these two fields upon each other. The relationship of culture to the formation of personality has been a major study for many of our contemporary anthropologists, among whom Margaret Mead is probably the best known.

SOCIAL anthropology has expanded in so many specialized directions—concerning itself with such things as the history of marriage, the meaning of kinship, the rise of religion, the significance of dancing, the formation of temperament, and so on—that many scholars are now searching for a means of integrating the bewildering partial studies into a meaningful whole picture of man and culture. The problem of creating what amounts to a theory of human nature and society leads to the need for a combination of scientific philosophy with anthropological theory. Such a fusion has yet to be achieved but Kroeber, Kluckhohn, Nadel and others have made significant contributions in this direction.

While the activities of social anthropologists have long been important in nations with colonial territories, the American public has become aware only since World War II of the potentialities of anthropology as an instrument for the more effective conduct of foreign affairs. By making every effort to compensate for his own cultural bias, and to submerge himself in the cultural system of another group, the anthropologist obtains a knowledge of the dynamics of another society which is usually unknown to the diplomat or the administrator. The foreign aid program

has benefited greatly from the cooperation of anthropologists, yet there still remains the curious fear that these specialists follow interests which in some way make them "un-American." Often this merely means that the anthropologists do not agree with established policy. The final chapter of this book, "Making the World Safe for Humanity," deals with instances of anthropology applied to current problems and indicates the great practicality of the study in the modern world.

Second Impressions

Review of Paperbacks

Robert M. Wallace

Science

Radiation: What It Is and How It Affects You by Jack Schubert and Ralph E. Lapp (Compass Books, \$1.25) treats not only radioactive fall-out but medical, dental and industrial radiation and such random sources as radiant dials and X-ray shoe fitting. Increasing knowledge consistently reveals unsuspected dangers; yet familiarity has glossed over hazards. Hence Doctors Schubert and Lapp support closer, more formal controls of both routine and exceptional applications and an agreement to end nuclear testing.

Understanding of the scientific developments behind such applications as Schubert and Lapp describe is aided by paperbacks from the rigorous *Philosophy of Mathematics and Natural Science* by Hermann Weyl (Princeton, \$1.95) to the more popular work of Sir Arthur Eddington, whose 1927 Gifford Lectures, *The Nature of the Physical World* (Ann Arbor, \$1.95) brilliantly combine erudition with grace and clarity as they announce the downfall of classical physics. In the book which followed it, *The Expanding Universe* (Ann Arbor, \$1.45), Eddington lucidly expounds cosmological theory. *From the Closed World to the Infinite Universe* by Alexandre Koyré (Harper Torchbooks, \$1.60) somewhat ponderously traces up through Newton and Leibnitz the change from Ptolemy to Copernicus and the related psychological and philosophical problems. *The Scientific Revolution 1500-1800: The Formation of the Modern Scientific Attitude* by A. R. Hall (Beacon, \$1.75), a broader book, includes biology and chemistry in a readable and scholarly account.

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Louis de Broglie's *Matter and Light: The New Physics* (Dover, \$1.75) and *The Revolution in Physics* (Noonday, \$1.65) beyond them in some details but manageable on the whole; they are beautiful and exciting expositions. *The Restless Universe* by Max Born (Dover, \$2.) carries parts of Eddington's subject up to this day. It is elaborately and ingeniously illustrated.

Essays in Science by Albert Einstein (Wisdom Library, 95c) reprints sixteen essays from *The World as I See It*, including those on Kepler, Newton, Clerk Maxwell and Bohr, and several on relativity.

Makers of Mathematics by Alfred Hooper (Modern Library, 95c), for a popular audience, traces the development of mathematical ideas and procedures and by using an historical approach adds liveliness to clear explanation.

A Short History of Anatomy and Physiology From the Greeks to Harvey by Charles Singer (Dover, \$1.75), a series of four now slightly revised lectures, is authoritative, graceful and illuminated with twenty plates and 270 illustrations.

Drama

It is good to see an emphasis on the stage itself in a recent group of plays and commentaries. *The Theatre* by Stark Young (Hill and Wang Drama-

books, 95c) is an easy survey of the whole "impure" art, in which Young acutely analyzes the unity of play, acting and decor. *Papers on Acting*, edited by Brander Matthews (Dramabooks, \$1.45; cloth, \$3.75), contains eight scarce publications of the Dramatic Museum of Columbia University plus two manuscripts from the museum's collection; it treats acting problems and style from the eighteenth century through the first quarter of this. *Preface to Othello* by Harley Granville-Barker (Princeton, \$1.50), one of his last, most admired essays, examines not only the action of the play and its characters but its shape as a theatrical production.

The Laurel Shakespeare (Dell, 35c ea.) happily combines texts by C. J. Sisson of the Shakespeare Institute, scholarly introductions by Francis Fergusson, glossaries and isolated textual notes, and illuminating non-academic commentaries: Maurice Evans on *Hamlet*, Margaret Webster on *The Taming of the Shrew*, W. H. Auden on *Romeo and Juliet* and Stuart Vaughan on *Richard III*. Excellent design, large type.

Religious Drama 2 (Meridian-Living Age, \$1.45) combines twenty plays from the craft cycles—the Chester *Flood*, Brome *Isaac*, Wakefield *Shepherds*—into a new series and adds *Everyman*. Good introduction and directions for acting by E. Martin Browne.

The Mermaid Series of Dramabooks (Hill and Wang) improve the legibility and expand the coverage and usefulness of the old series. Latest additions are Goldsmith's *Two Plays* (\$1.25), introduction by Austin Dobson; *Five Plays* by Jean Anouilh (\$1.75; cloth, \$3.95), including his profoundly moving *Antigone*; and *Let's Get a Divorce!* and *Other Plays* by Sardou, Labiche, Courteline, Prévert, Feydeau (\$1.75; cloth, \$3.95), with an essay on "The Psychology of Farce" by Eric Bentley.

Literature

The range of W. P. Ker's learning, his verve and his capacity for synthesis and sound generalization strike readers of his first two books—*Epic and Romance: Essays on Medieval Literature* (Dover, \$1.95) and *The Dark Ages* (fifth to twelfth century) (Mentor, 50c). Ker's views, though not always his details, have been more supported than questioned by later specialized studies. *Folk Tale, Fiction and Saga in the Homeric Epics*, for example, by Rhys Carpenter (California, \$1.50) pursues lines opened up by Ker. In a sort of literary anthropology, Carpenter relates the oral tradition of Homer to that of North European folk epic, saga

and Märchen, an important subject in *Epic and Romance*. Carpenter's introductory section on source study and the oral tradition is particularly suggestive for students of drama. *The White Goddess: A Historical Grammar of Poetic Myth* by Robert Graves and *Archetypal Patterns in Poetry: Psychological Studies of Imagination* by Maud Bodkin (Vintage, \$1.25 ea.) search for the remote sources of poetry in ancient myth or in the obscure memories of distant ancestors. Bodkin and Graves deal in elusive material, but it is thought-provoking and never dull.

Victorian Novelists: A Revaluation by David Cecil (Chicago-Phoenix, \$1.75), an influential, generally favorable reassessment of seven leaders in the field, Dickens to George Eliot. Good new preface; misnumbered old index.

Judaism

The mid-nineteenth-century efflorescence of a substantial Yiddish literature coincided with other developments which, with this century's barbarities, have come near to ending this still new movement. One of its monuments is Sholom Aleichem's anecdotal *The Great Fair: Scenes From My Childhood* (Noonday, \$1.45), a work of nostalgic charm and shrewd, wry humor. In the voluminous *Treasury of Yiddish Stories*, edited by Irving Howe and Eliezer Greenberg (Meridian, \$1.95), the masters Sholom Aleichem and I. L. Peretz and a score of others are represented. These are delightful, illuminating books.

Jointly with the Jewish Publication Society, Meridian has in paper *For the Sake of Heaven* by Martin Buber (\$1.45), a chronicle on the problem of evil; *Students, Scholars and Saints* by Louis Ginzberg (\$1.45), on Talmudic schooling and some recent scholars; *A History of Mediaeval Jewish Philosophy* by Isaac Rusik (\$1.95), tracing rationalism from the ninth to the fifteenth century. See also Buber's *Moses* (Harper Torchbooks, \$1.25), a heavily-documented exploration of that leader's historicity and significance.

Miscellaneous

Wilhelm Windelband in the 1890s won eminence by relating narrowly philosophical studies to more general affairs and brilliantly tracing the growth and decay of ideas. *A History of Philosophy* (2 vols., Harper Torchbooks, \$1.75 ea.) follows European thought from the ancient Greeks to Nietzsche; his *History of Ancient Philosophy* (Dover, \$1.75) treats the Greeks and Romans more fully on to the neo-Platonists. Both remain classics.

Good Morning, Love!

Rise at 7:15
study the
artifacts

2 books
1 photo
1 gouache sketch
2 unclean socks

perform the necessary
ablutions

hands
face, feet
crotch

even answer the door
with good grace, even
if it's the gas-and-light man
announcing himself as "EDISON!
Readjer meter mister?"

For Christ's sake yes

read my meter

Nothing can alter the euphoria
The blister is still on one finger

There just are
some mornings worth getting up
& making a cup
of coffee,
that's all

PAUL BLACKBURN

The Muses Are Heard by Truman Capote (Modern Library, 95c) reports in the *New Yorker* manner the 1955 Leningrad performance of *Porgy and Bess* by an American cast, the first to enter the Soviet Union.

AT YOUR DRUGGIST'S: *Bitter Honey-moon and Other Stories* by Alberto Moravia (Signet, 35c); *Company K* by William March (Signet, 35c); *The Red*

and the Black by Stendhal (Bantam, 75c); *From the Earth to the Moon* by Jules Verne (Crest, 35c); *The Origin of Species* by Charles Darwin (Mentor, 50c); *Courtroom*, the story of Judge Samuel S. Leibowitz, by Quentin Reynolds (Popular Library, 50c); *Folk Songs of the Caribbean*, with music (Bantam, 50c); *Three Plays* by Thornton Wilder (Bantam, 50c).

THEATRE

Harold Clurman

ONCE during the question period of a lecture I was asked "Do you favor our having a national theatre?" I answered "Yes. Let us have one, so that we can attack it."

At the Stratford, Connecticut, American Shakespeare Festival Theatre's production of *Hamlet*, which I enjoyed much less than their *Midsummer Night's Dream*, I thought "I am glad they have this good-looking theatre devoted to Shakespeare where the actors are given the opportunity to play him so that whether we like what they do or not we can see Shakespeare this way as a preparation for the day when it may be better done."

A *Midsummer Night's Dream* is the pleasantest performance I remember seeing at the festival since its inception four years ago. Generally speaking the lighter Shakespeare there has fared much better than the weightier—for the demands of the latter are very heavy indeed. The *Dream* is a delightful prank, full of exquisite and easy poetry, a true fun piece, jocund, good-humored, inconsequential. It is a play that needs no interpretation: it says what we all know: "what fools these mortals be"—

especially about love. To play it well what is needed is a youthful spirit, fancy, comic invention and a carefree mood. These the actors of this season's company supply. The director and his associates are to be congratulated.

In these instances I am shy of singling out actors, for though to the technical observer they are of varying merit, one fears doing some injury to the health of the ensemble by picking and choosing individual names. I would say only of this very wholesome company that those who represent the "proletariat"—Quince, Bottom, Starveling, etc.—are more evenly excellent than the "Middle-Class," the Athenian lovers. However, this middle group is certainly attractive, and the climactic quarrel scene is particularly well directed and well acted. The "upper classes"—the nobility and the gods—are somewhat less satisfactory. A most "democratic" scale!

This may reflect a social as well as a theatrical factor. American society nowadays does not produce distinguished manners, people whose breeding is notable for grace or a natural high-mindedness coupled with charm or refinement of bearing; and our theatre does not

Poem

The women snipped the sea down flat
And sewed it up, and tucked the eyes
Of lobsters and of mad crabs in,
Which interfered with wrapping size.

The ogling men, amazed to see
Their small things labor so, just watched:
Their scuttling loves stitched up the seams
And smoothed the creases newly starched.

And it was done. Mad creatures who
Once raged and bulged in crazy seas
Are smooth as Chinese laundry now,
And mostly all the men are pleased.

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produce actors who can speak or feel verse with noble musicality. Most of the actors at the Connecticut festival have learned to speak clearly and one hears the words more distinctly each year; except when either rapidity or impassioned agitation is required; but the sounds, and more particularly the tone, are rarely beautiful. Still—Rome was not built in a day.

The stage of the Festival Theatre was designed for functional settings. That is a great advantage for a company committed to the playing of Shakespeare in our country, but it has its disadvantages. In *The Dream* the scenic arrangement is airy and nicely patterned—the lighting is particularly gratifying—but in *Hamlet* the stage often looks like a gymnasium. The costumes in *The Dream* are also far more successful than those in *Hamlet*.

The modern functional set was created not only because it is more practical for productions of Shakespeare than, let us say, the stuffy decoration of the Irving-Tree era, but because it is presumed to free the imagination for poetic flights permitting us to concentrate on the lovely language. Nevertheless, before leaving the subject I should like to remind producers that the functional set often takes on a wholly mechanical aspect, empty of feeling or meaning, aesthetically hideous.

I shall not dwell on the *Hamlet* production. It is simply not an interpretation—not even a false one—of the play, and when *Hamlet* is not interpreted on the stage it is virtually unintelligible. I shall therefore say nothing of the acting, for when there is no interpretation, that is to say specific embodiment—physical characterization and visualization with unmistakable intent—there is little point in praising or blaming actors no matter what their individual talents.

Some readers might ask, Are you sure that in Shakespeare's own theatre the interpretation was anything better or more than a faithful and powerful reading of the great lines? My answer is: I don't care what the playing of Shakespeare was like in his time. In fact, I do not believe we can really know what it was like, for we can never bring ourselves to feel or think as Elizabethans. We must have a Shakespeare which makes him cogent as a living force for our audiences, a Shakespeare who makes theatrical sense for us and immediately moves us in our minds, blood and spirit as we hope any dramatist will do. It is quite possible that, were we able to see an "original" Burbage-Shakespeare production, we should not only not like it but fail to understand it.

NLRB's War on Labor

(Continued from page 13)

federal judges as "far-fetched," "irrational" and "unjust and intolerable." Finley has compiled a little chart of the voting record of Mr. Rodgers which reveals that, in 1955, he cast sixty-six votes for management and two for labor; in 1956, forty-nine for management and one for labor; in 1957, forty-five votes for management and none for labor: "When a man votes for management 98 per cent of the time over a three-year period in critical cases, the conclusion is inescapable. He is no longer a judge, but a partisan adversary."

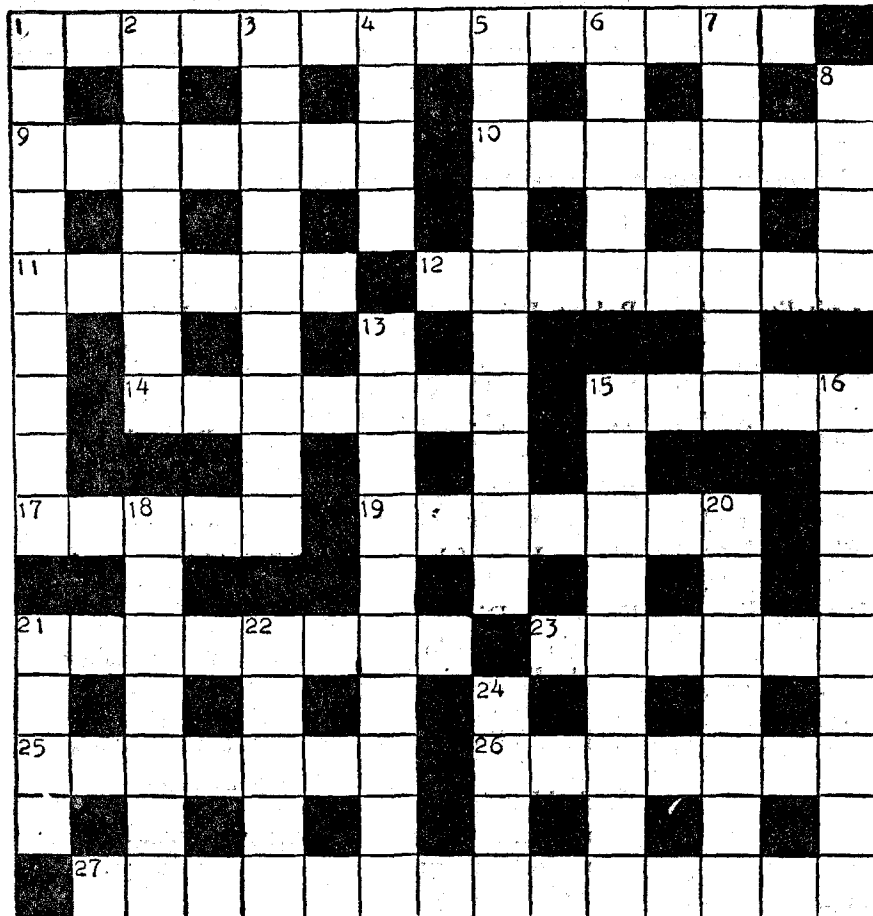
Well, the conclusion would seem inescapable, too, that if we are going to have investigations of union skulduggery, we ought to have an investigation of whether honest unions are getting a fair shake at the tribunal of the National Labor Relations Board. The N.A.M. is deeply impressed by the fact that complaints to the NLRB of workers against their unions have zoomed upward recently, spurred no doubt by the recession and the anger of laid-off workers at all officialdom; the rest of us ought to be deeply concerned whether the rights of unorganized workers to form unions and bargain collectively are being adequately protected by a board which has been so zealously protecting employers' rights of "free speech," "permissible propaganda" and "predictions" of catastrophes in the event of union victory.

Meanwhile, the observer who compares the lean and quizzical faces of the O'Sullivan strikers with the somewhat better-fed faces in the sleek halls of labor in the nation's capital, may be pardoned for wondering just how much American workers, and the American people in general, have gained from the labor leaders' ostentatious effort to keep up with the Joneses in Washington, only to find themselves a minor vote-trading power bloc in a city of really big power blocs. Perhaps the leaders really belong back with the led—from which independent base they might begin to understand for the first time what the potentialities of power really mean.

The NATION

Crossword Puzzle No. 779

By FRANK W. LEWIS



ACROSS:

- 1 See 21 down
- 9 At rock-bottom, moral badness results in torment. (7)
- 10 Are about called, perhaps, to get set.
- 11 Do they imply government measures? (6)
- 12 and 3 down What a firm does when it can't get free publicity? (2, 4, 2, 9)
- 14 A back dive onto the wrong net, it's obvious. (7)
- 15 Certainly enough of 17! (5)
- 17 The grain should be close, and sort of 15. (5)
- 19 Is he nothing more than a small-scale haberdasher from the mid-west? (7)
- 21 It's certainly not rare to announce a flower's construction. (4, 4)
- 23 Did Miss Morgenstern consider him a high flier? (6)
- 25 Pithy. (7)
- 26 Render ineffective. (7)
- 27 They neither break horses, nor divide the students of 1 across. (6, 8)

DOWN:

- 1 Mare to rub the wrong way in the nursery? (9)
- 2 Nietzsche said a man of strong faith can in the luxury of skepticism. (7)
- 4 and 24 Confer about the end of

the speech, by the sound of it. (4, 4)

- 5 Paint a toad, perhaps, as a way to fit him for his environment. (10)
- 6 The girl of the opera is not quite natural. (5)
- 7 Evidently the scene of the fight has been arranged for calls. (5, 2)
- 8 Usually male, but not in character.
- 13 and 16 Certainly not robots in the locomotive! (10, 9)
- 15 Almost a climbing monkey with a twitch, as the belief may be. (9)
- 18 The bill is large with it—in place, and out of place. (7)
- 20 Storm, like something inclined to grow old. (7)
- 21 and 1 across Do they have the same charm as music? (4, 6, 8)
- 22 Is this where the material is dug up? (5)

SOLUTION TO PUZZLE NO. 778

ACROSS: 1 Stopwatch; 6 and 22 Lloyd George; 9 Refuser; 10 Rooster; 11, 25 and 30 War and Peace; 12 Insole; 13 Peri; 15 Card game; 16 Irving; 18 Ramrod; 20 Laughter; 24 Berlin; 28 Realtor; 29 Irately; 31 Eagle-eyed.
DOWN: 1 Straw; 2 Offerer; 3 Washington; 4 Tiresome; 5 Harold; 6 Loom; 7 and 23 Of Thee I Sing; 8 Derringer; 14 Brigandage; 15 Corn syrup; 17 Tal-lying; 19 Montana; 21 Tragedy; 22 George; 26 Dryad; 27 Styx.

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M. L. Rosenthal, the poetry editor, is co-author of *Exploring Poetry*; in the near future he will publish an introduction to modern poetry and a study of Yeats, Eliot and Pound. He is an Associate Professor of English at New York University.

The following list of poets who have appeared in *The Nation* during the last two years indicates the generous breadth of interest and rigorous standards of excellence Mr. Rosenthal has applied to his job.

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